(2)

A

True RELATION

OF THE

APPARITION

OF ONE

MRS VEAL

The next Day after her DEATH,

TO ONE

Mrs. BARGRAVE,

AT

CANTERBURY,

The 8th of *September* 1705.

The Thirteenth EDITION,

Bargrave Bond believe

THE PREFACE

THIS Relation is Matter of Fact, and attended with such Circumstances, as may induce any reasonable Man to believe it. It was sent by a Gentleman a Justice of the Peace at Maidston in Kent, and a very intelligent Person, to his Friend in London, as it is here worded: Which Discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding Gentlewoman, a Kinswoman of the said Gentleman's who lives in Canterbury, within a few Doors of the House in which the within nam'd Mrs. Bargrave lives; who believes his Kinswoman to be of so discerning a spirit as not to be put upon by any Fallacy; and who positively assured him, that the whole Matter, as it is related and laid down, is what is really true; and what she her self had in the same Words (as near as may be) from Mrs. Bargrave's own Mouth, who, she knows, had no Reason to invent and publish a Story, or any Design to forge and tell a Lye,

 being

being a Woman of much Honesty and virtue, and her whole Life a Course, as it were of Piety. The Use which we ought to make of it, is, to consider, That there is a Life to come after this, and a just God, who will retribute to every one according to the Deeds done in the Body; and therefore to reflect on our past Course of Life we have led in this World; that our Time is short and uncertain; and that if we would escape the Punishment of the Ungodly, and receive the Reward of the Righteous, which is the laying hold of Eternal Life, we ought for the time to come, to turn to God by a speedy Repentance, ceasing to do evil and learning to do well: to seek after God early, if happily he may be found of us, and lead such Lives for the future, as may be well pleasing in his Sight

A RELATION OF THE APPARITION OF Mrs. VEAL

THIS thing is so rare in all its Circumstances, and on so good Authority, that my Reading and Conversation has not given me any thing like it: It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious Enquirer, Mrs. *Bargrave* is the Person to whom Mrs. *Veal* appeared after death; she is my intimate Friend, and I can avouch for

for her Reputation, for these last fifteen or sixteen Years, on my own Knowledge; and I can confirm the good Character she had from her Youth, to the Time of my Acquaintance. Tho since this Relation, she is calumniated by some People that are Friends to the Brother of Mrs *Veal* who appear'd; who think the Relation of this Appearance to be a Reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs. *Bargrave's* Reputation; and to laugh the Story out of Countenance. But by the Circumstances thereof, and the chearful Disposition of Mrs. *Bargrave*, notwithstanding the ill Usage of a very wicked Husband, there is not yet the least Sign of Dejection in her Face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring Expression; nay, not when under her Husband's Barbarity; which I have been Witness to, and several other Persons of undoubted Reputation.

Now you must know, that Mrs. *Veal* was a Maiden Gentlewoman of a about Thirty Years of Age, and some Years last past, had been troubled with Fits; which were perceived coming on her, by her going off from her Discourse very abruptly, to some impertinence: She was maintain'd by an only Brother, and kept his House in *Dover*. She was a very pious Woman, and her Brother a very sober Man to all Appearance. But now he does all

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he can to null or quash the Story. Mrs. *Veal* was intimately acquainted with Mrs. *Bargrave* from her Childhood. Mrs. *Veal's* Circumstances were mean then; her Father did not take Care of his Children as he ought, so that they were exposed to Hardships: And Mrs. *Bargrave* had in those Days as unkind a Father, tho' she wanted neither for Food nor Clothing, whilst Mrs. *Veal* wanted for both: Insomuch that she would often say, Mrs. *Bargrave, you are not only the best but the only Friend I have in the World; and no Circumstances of Life shall ever dissolve my Friendship.* They would often condole each other's adverse fortunes and read together *Sherlock on Death* and other good Books: And so like two Christian Friends, they comforted each other under their Sorrow.

Some time after, Mr. *Veal's* Friends got him a Place in the Custom-House at *Dover*, which occationed Mrs *Veal* by little and little, to fall off from her Intimacy with Mrs. *Bargrave*, though there was never any such thing as a Quarrel; but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. *Bargrave* had not seen her in two years and a half, though above a twelve-Month of the time, Mrs *Bargrave* hath been absent from *Dover* and this last half year, has been in *Canterbury* about two Months of the time, dwelling in a

House

House of her own.

In this House on the eighth of *September*, *viz.* 1705. She was sitting alone in the Forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate Life, and arguing her self into a due Resignation to Providence, tho' her Condion seem'd hard. And said she, *I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied, that my Afflictions shall end, when it is most fit for me:* And then took up her sewing-Work, which she had no sooner done, but she hears a knocking at the Door; she went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs *Veal*, her old Friend, who was in a riding Habit: At that moment of Time the Clock struck twelve at Noon.

Madam, says Mrs. *Bargrave I am surpriz'd to see you, you have been so long a Stranger*; but told her, *she was glad to see her*, and offer'd to salute her, which Mrs. *Veal* complied with, till their Lips almost touch'd and then Mrs. *Veal* drew her Hand cross her Eyes, and said *I am not very well*, and so wav'd, it She told Mrs. *Bargrave* she was going a Journey, and had a great Mind to see her first: But, says Mrs. *Bargrave*, "How came you to take a Journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have a fond Brother." O! says Mrs. *Veal I gave my Brother the Slip, and came away, because*

I had so great a Desire to see you before I took my Journey. So Mrs. *Bargrave* went in with her into another Room within the first, and Mrs. *Veal* sat her down in an Elbow-Chair, that Mrs. *Bargrave* was sitting in when she heard Mrs. *Veal* knock. Then says Mrs. *Veal*, My dear Friend, I am come to renew our old Friendship again, and beg your Pardon for my Breach of it, and if you can forgive me, you are the best of Women. O, says Mrs. *Bargrave* don't mention such a thing; I have not had an uneasy thought about it, I can easily forgive it. What did you think of me, said Mrs. *Veal*? Says Mrs. *Bargrave* I thought you were like the rest of the World, and that Prosperity had made you forget your self and me. Then Mrs. *Veal* reminded Mrs. *Bargrave* of the many friendly Offices she did her in former Days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what Books they read, and what comfort in particular they receiv'd from *Sherlock* and *Drelincourt of Death*, which was the best, she said, on that Subject, ever wrote. She also mentioned two *Dutch* which were translated, wrote upon Death, and several others: But *Sherlock* and *Drelincourt*, she said, were the clearest of Death, and of the future State, of any who have handled that Subject. Then

she

she ask'd Mrs *Bargrave*, whether she had *Sherlock*; she said yes. Says Mrs *Veal*, fetch it; and so *Mrs* Bargrave goes up Stairs and brings it down. Says *Mrs Veal*: Dear *Mrs*, Bargrave, if the Eyes of our Faith were as open as the Eyes of our Body, we should see Numbers of Angels about us for our guard. The Notions we have of Heaven now, are nothing like what it is, as *Sherlock* says. Therefore be comforted under your Afflictions and believe that the Almighty has a particular Regard to you; and that your Afflictions are *Marks* of God's Favour; when they have done the Business they are sent for, they shall be remov'd from you. And believe me, my dear Friend, what I say to you, One Minute of future Happiness will infinitely reward you for all your Sufferings. For I can never believe (and claps her Hands upon her knee with great Earnestness, which indeed ran through most of her discourse) *that ever God will suffer you to spend all your Days in this afflicted State; But be assured, that your Afflictions shall leave you or you them in a short time.* She spake in that pathetical and heavenly manner, that *Mrs. Bargrave* wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it

Then *Mrs. Veal* mention'd Dr. *Horneck's Ascetick* at the End of which he gives an Account

of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their Pattern she recommended to our Imitation, and said, Their Conversation was not like this of our Age. For now (*says she*) there is nothing but frothy, vain discourse, which is far different from theirs. Their's was to Edification, and to build one another up in Faith; so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were; but, *said she*, we ought to do as they did. There was a hearty Friendship among them; but where is it now to be found? *Says Mrs.* 'Tis hard indeed, to find a true Friend in these Days. *Says Mrs* Veal, *Mr.* Norris has a fine Copy of Verses, call'd, Friendship in Perfection, which I wonderfully admire; have you seen the Book? says *Mrs. Veal*? No says *Mrs* Bargrave; but I have the Verses of my own writing out. Have you, says *Mrs Veal*, then fetch them; which she did from above Stairs, and offer'd them to *Mrs Veal* to read, who refus'd, and way'd the thing, saying, holding down her Head would make it ake; and then desir'd *Mrs.* Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring Friendship, *Mrs. Veal* said, Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever. In these Verses there is twice used the Word *Elysian*. Ah, says Mrs. *Veal*, these Poets have such Names for Heaven. She would often draw her Hand cross her own

Eyes

Eyes, and ſay, Mrs *Bargrave don't you think I am mightily impair'd by my Fits?* No ſays Mrs. *Bargrave I think you look as well as ever I knew you.*

After all this Diſcourſe which the Apparition put in much finer Words than Mrs. *Bargrave* ſaid ſhe Could pretend to, and as much more than ſhe can remember; (for it cannot be thought that an Hour and three Quarters Converſation could all be retain'd though the main of it ſhe thinks ſhe does:) She ſaid to Mrs. *Bargrave, She would have her write a Letter to her Brother and tell him, ſhe would have him give Rings to ſuch and ſuch; and that there was a Purſe of Gold in her Cabinet, and that ſhe would have two Broad Pieces given to her Couſin* Watſon.

Talking at this rate, Mrs. *Bargrave* thought that a Fit was coming on her, and ſo plac'd her ſelf in a Chair juſt before her Knees, to keep her from falling to the Ground, if her Fits ſhould ocaſion it: For the Elbow Chair, ſhe thought would keep her from falling on either Side. And to divert Mrs. *Veal*, as ſhe thought took hold of her Gown-Sleeve ſeveral times, and commended it, Mrs *Veal* told, her it was a ſcower'd Silk, and newly made up. But for all this Mrs. *Veal*, perſiſted in her Requeſt, and told Mrs. *Bargrave*, ſhe muſt not deny her: And ſhe would

would have her tell her Brother all their Conversation when she had Opportunity: Dear Mrs *Veal*, says Mrs. *Bargrave*, *This seems so impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying Story will our Conversation be to a young Gentleman?* *Why*, says Mrs. *Bargrave*, *'tis much better methinks, to do it your selfe. No*, says Mrs. *Veal*, *tho' it seems impertinent to you now you will see more Reason for it hereafter.* Mrs. *Bargrave* then to satisfy her Importunity, was going to fetch a Pen and Ink; but Mrs. *Veal* said, *Let it alone now, and do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it*: Which was one of the last Things she enjoyn'd her at parting, and so she promis'd her.

Then Mrs. *Veal* ask'd for Mrs. *Bargrav's* Daughter; She said, she was not at home; but if you have a mind to see her, says Mrs *Bargrave*, I'll send for her. Do says Mrs *Veal*. On which she left her, and went to a Neighbour's to see for her; and by the time Mrs. *Bargrave* was returning, Mrs. *Veal* was got without the Door in the street, in the face of the Beast-market, on a Saturday (which is market Day) and stood ready to part, as soon as Mrs Bargave came to her. She ask'd her, why she was in such hast? She said, *she must be going, tho' perhaps she might not go her Journey till monday.* And told *Mrs Bargrave*, *she*

hoped

hoped she should see her again at her Cousin Watson's *before she went whither she was going.* Then she said, *she would take her leave of her,* and walk'd from Mrs. Bargrave in her view, till a Turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three quarters after one in the Afnoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September at twelve a Clock at Noon of her Fits, and had not above four Hours Senses before her Death, in which she received the Sacrament. The next day after *Mrs Veal's* appearing, being *Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave* was mightily indisposed with a Cold and a sore Throat, that she could not go out that Day; but on *Monday* morning she sends a Person to Captain *Watson's* to know if Mrs. *Veal* was there. They wonder'd at Mrs, *Bargrave's* Enquiry; and sent her word that she was not there, nor was expected. At this Answer Mrs. *Bargrave* told the *Maid,* she had certainly mistook the Name, or made some Blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her Hood, and went herself to Captain *Watson's* tho' she knew none of the Family, to see if Mrs. *Veal,* was there or not. They said, they wonder'd at her asking for that she had not been in Town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. *Bargrave, I am sure she was with me on* Saturday *almost two Hours.*

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They said, it was impossible for they must have seen her if she had. In comes Captain *Watson*, while they were in Dispute, and said, that Mrs. *Veal* was certainly dead, and her Escutcheons were making. This strangely surprized Mrs. *Bargrave*, when she sent to the Person immediately who had the care of them and found it true. Then she related the whole Story to Captain *Watson*'s Family, and what Gown she had on and how striped; and that Mrs. *Veal* told her that it was scour'd then Mrs. *Watson* cried out, *You have seen her indeed; for none knew but* Mrs. *Veal and my selfe that the Gown was scower'd* and Mrs. *Watson* own'd that she describ'd the Gown exactly: *For*, said she, *I help'd her to make it up.* This Mrs. *Watson* blaz'd all about the Town, and avouch'd the Demonstration of the Truth of Mrs. *Bargrav*'s seeing Mrs. *Veal*'s Apparition. And Captain *Watson* carry'd two Gentlemen immediately to *Mrs. Bargrave*'s House, to hear the Relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast, that Gentlemen and Persons of Quality, the Judicious and Sceptical Part of the World flock'd in upon her, it, at best, became such a task, that she was forc'd to go out of the way. For they were, in general extremely satisfy'd of the truth of the thing; and plainly saw that *Mrs. Bargrave* was no Hypocondriack;

for

for ſhe always appears with ſuch a chearful Air, pleaſing mein, that ſhe has gain'd the favour and eſteem of all the Gentry: And it is thought a great Favour if they can but get the Relation from her own mouth. I ſhould have told you before, that *Mrs. Veal* told *Mrs. Bargrave*, that her Siſter and Brother-in-Law were juſt come down from *London* to ſee her. Says *Mrs.* Bargrave, *how came you to order matters ſo ſtrangely? It could not be help'd*, ſaid *Mrs Veal.* And her Brother and Siſter did come to ſee her, and enter'd the Town of *Dover* juſt as *Mrs Veal* was expiring. *Mrs* Bargrave ask'd, whether ſhe would drink? *Says Mrs Veal, I don't care if I do; but I'll warrant you this mad Fellow* (meaning *Mrs.* Bargraves Husband) *has broke all your Trinkets.* But, ſays *Mrs.* Bargrave, *I'll get ſomething to drink in for all that*; but *Mrs Veal* wav'd it, and ſaid, *It is no matter, let it alone*; and ſo it paſſed.

All the time I ſat with *Mrs.* Bargrave, which was ſome Hours, ſhe recollected freſh Sayings of *Mrs. Veal.* And one material Thing more ſhe told Mrs Bargrave, that old Mr. Breton allow'd Mrs. *Veal* ten Pounds a Year; which was a Secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. *Veal* told it her.

Mrs Bargrave never varies in her Story; which puzzles thoſe who doubt of the truth,

or

or are unwilling to believe it. A Servant in the Neighbour's Yard adjoyning to Mrs. *Bargrave's* House, heard her talking to some Body an Hour of the same Time Mrs. *Veal* was with her. Mrs. *Bargrave* went to her Neighbour's the very moment she parted with Mrs. *Veal*, and told her what ravishing Conversation she had with an old Friend, and told the whole of it. *Sherlock's* Book of DEATH is, since this happen'd, bought up strangely. And it is to be observ'd, that notwithstanding all the Trouble and Fatigue Mrs. *Bargrave* has undergone upon this Account, she never took the Value of a Farthing, nor suffered her Daughter to take any thing of any Body; and therefore can have no Interest in telling the Story.

But Mr. *Veal* does all he can to stifle the matter, and said, he would see Mrs. *Bargrave*; and some of his Friends report her to be a Lyar, and that she knew of Mrs. *Breton's* ten Pounds a Year. But the Person who pretends to say so, has the Reputation of a notorious Lyar, amongst Persons whom I know to be of undoubted Repute. Now *Mr. Veal* is more of a Gentleman than to say, she Lyes; but says a bad Husband has craz'd her. But she needs only to present her self, and it will effectually confute that Pretence. *Mr. Veal* says, he ask'd his Sister on her Death-Bed,

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Whether she had a mind to dispose of any Things? And she said, No. Now, that the Things which *Mrs.* Veal's Apparition would have dispos'd of, were so trifling and silly, and nothing of Injustice aim'd at in their Disposal, that the Design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. *Bargrave* so to demonstrate the Truth of her Appearance, as to satisfy the World of the Reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard; and to secure her Reputation among the Reasonable Part of mankind. And then again Mr. Veal owns that there was a Purse of Gold; but it was not found in her Cabinet, but in a Comb-box. This looks improbable, for that mrs. Watson own'd that mrs. Veal was so careful of the Key of her Cabinet, that she would trust no Body with it. And if so, no doubt, she would not trust her Gold out of it. And mrs. Veals often Drawing her Hand over her Eyes, and asking mrs. Bargrave of her Fits, to Prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her Brother, to dispose of Rings and Gold, which look'd so much like a dying Person's Request; and it took accordingly with mrs. Bargrave, as the Effect of her Fits coming upon her; and was one of the many Instances of her wonderful Love to her, and Care of her, that she should not be affrighted; which

indeed

indeed appears in her whole Management; particularly, in her coming to her in the Day-time; waving the Salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second Attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. *Veal* should think this Relation a Reflection (as it is plain he does, by his endevouring to stifle it) I cannot imagine; because the Generality believe her to be a good Spirit, her Discourse was so heavenly. Her two great Errands were to comfort Mrs. *Bargrave* in her Affliction, and to ask her Forgiveness for her Breach of Friendship, and with a pious Discourse to encourage her. So that, after all, to suppose that Mrs. *Bargrave* could hatch such an Invention as this from *Friday* Noon, till *Saturday* Noon (supposing that she knew of Mrs *Veal's* Death the very first Moment (without jumbling Circumstances, and without any Interest too; she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too; than any indifferent Person, I dare say will allow. I asked Mrs. *Bargrave* several times If she was sure she felt the Gown? She answer'd modestly, If my Senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it. I ask'd her, if she heard a Sound when she clap'd her Hand upon her knee? She said, she did not remember she did? and she said, She appear'd

to

to be as much a Substance as I did who talk'd with her. And I may, said she, be as soon persuaded that your Apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really see her: For I was under no manner of Fear, and receiv'd her as a Friend, and parted with her as such. I would not, says she, give one Farthing to make any one believe it; I have no Interest in it; nothing but Trouble is entail'd upon me for a long time, for ought I know: And had it not come to Light by Accident, it would never have been made publick. But now, she says, she will make her own private Use of it, and keep her self out of the way as much as she can; and she has done since. She says, She had a Gentleman who came thirty Miles to her to hear the Relation; and that she had told it to a Room full of People at a time. Several particular Gentlemen have had the Story from Mrs. *Bargraves* own Mouth.

This Thing has very much affected me; and I am as well satisfi'd, as I am of the best grounded Matter of Fact. And why we should dispute the Matter of Fact, because we cannot solve Things of which we can have no certain or demonstrative Notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. *Bargrave's* Authority and Sincerity alone, would have been undoubted in any other Case.

A Prayer upon the continual Expectation of Death.

O Gracious God, in whose Power alone, and at whose Pleasure are the Times and the Seasons; I know that 'tis appointed to all Men once to die, and that the Grave is the dwelling which thou hast prepared to receive all Mankind. We understand sufficiently by the Experience of former Ages, that none is able to say. *I shall live, and shall not see Death.* Thou, O Almighty God, our supreme Judge, has pronounc'd our irrevocable Sentence in the earthly Paradise, that we must die; so that I should be guilty of the greatest Folly, if I did not firmly believe that I must die as others, and follow at my turn in the way of all Flesh. But, Lord, thou hast been pleased to hide from us the Issues of thy Providence, and does not suffer us to see the Hand that marks out the last Hours of our Life. We can perceive no shadow to discover to us with certainty, when shall be the going down of our Sun; we know not at what Hour of the Day or of the Night thou wilt call us to appear before thy great Tribunal. Give me therefore Grace, O merciful God, to be always ready to answer to thy Call, and to obey thy holy Commands; that I may be as a Ship at Anchor, that stays only for a wind to set

sail

fail; or as a Soldier, who waits only for the Signal to march to the Encounter. Give me Grace, O good Lord, that I may be like the good and faithful Servant, who expects his Master's coming, and hears his Voice as soon as he calls; or like the wise Virgins, who are ready to meet the Bridegroom, and to follow him to the Marriage Chamber. Since I am not to know either the Time or the Place when Death will come to me, O that I might expect and wait for it every moment, and at every Place! O that I might live in such a manner, that I may be always ready to die; that my Soul were always upon my Lips, prepar'd to fly away: That I were continually in Readiness to commit it into thy Hands, O my God, my faithful and merciful Creator; by this means I shall receive Death with Joy, when it comes as thy Servant and Messenger; and I shall follow it willingly, being certainly persuaded that it will lead me into eternal Life, and transport me into thy glorious and immortal Pallace, *Amen.*